

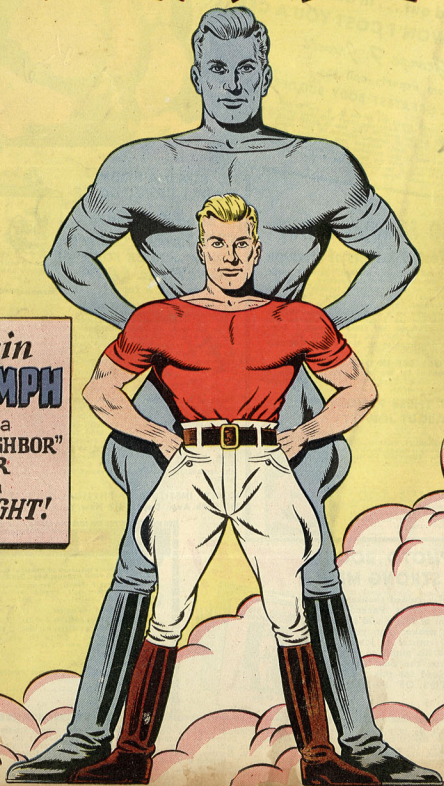
WINTER
ISSUE
No. 36

CRACK COMICS

10¢



Captain
TRIUMPH
turns a
"GOOD NEIGHBOR"
TOUR
into a
GOOD FIGHT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"Make Me Prove ... I CAN MAKE YOU CO ANDO -TOUGH

inside and out ... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking just and making happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a giant. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS REBUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT

A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Midget Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW IN BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!



George F. Jowett
Changes at which I enclose

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose \$_____. Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

☐ All 5 courses for \$1 ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c
☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (51 cent postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME _____ Age _____

Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS _____

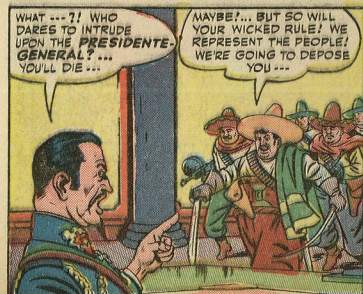
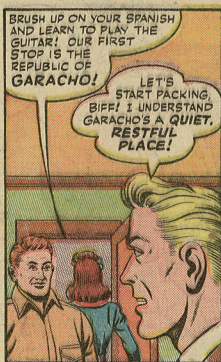
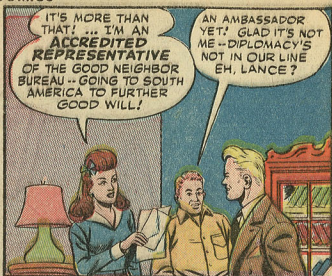
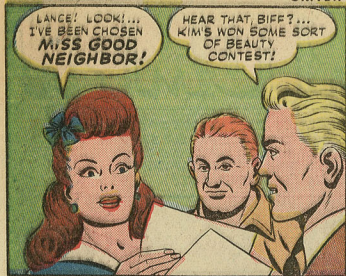
Captain TRIUMPH

WE ARE WELCOME IN THE HOME OF OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH! BUT SINISTER INFLUENCES SEEK TO CHALLENGE OUR PRESENCE THERE ... AS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FOUND OUT!

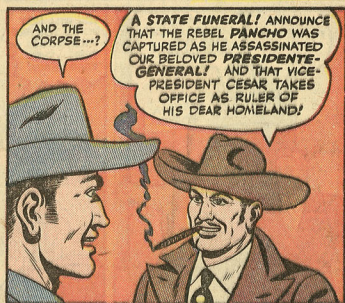
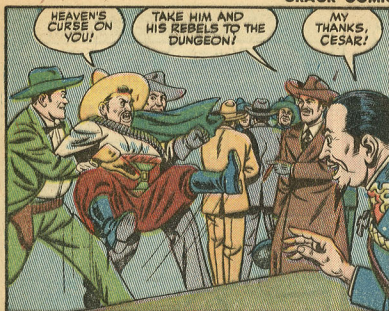


THOUGHTFUL LANCE GALLANT KNOWS HOW TO CALL UP THE GHOST OF HIS DAREDEVIL BROTHER, MICHAEL ... TOGETHER THEY ARE MYSTICALLY COMBINED INTO THE AMAZING *Captain Triumph!*

CRACK COMICS



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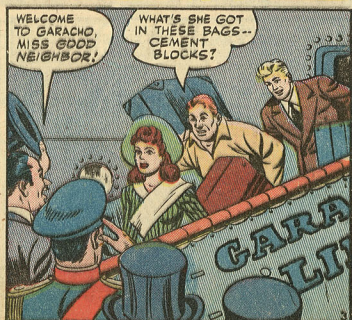
EXTRA! *** THE PAN-AMERICAN MESSENGER *** EXTRA!

CRISIS AVERTED IN GARACHO!

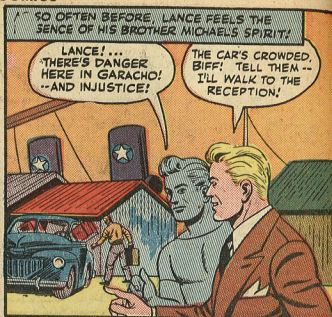
KILLED BY ASSASSIN

HELD FOR TRIAL

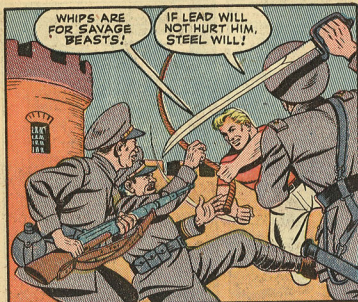
New Presidente-General...



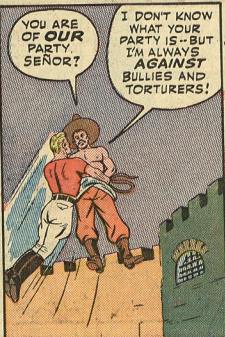
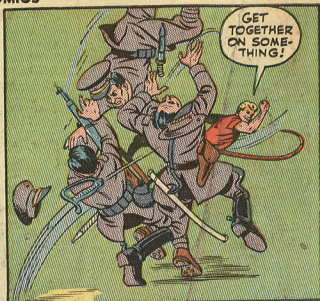
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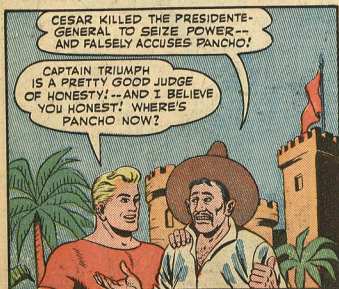
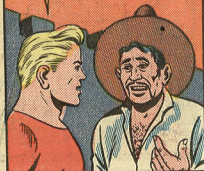
IF LEAD WILL NOT HURT HIM, STEEL WILL!



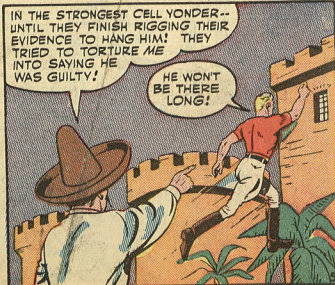
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PARTY IS -- BUT I'M ALWAYS AGAINST BULLIES AND TORTURERS!

NOW, GET ON WITH YOUR STORY! YOU SAY YOU WERE ONE OF THE REBELS -- YOU MEAN A FOLLOWER OF PANCHO, THE ASSASSIN?

PANCHO IS A REBEL -- YES! -- BUT NO ASSASSIN! WE DID CONSPIRE TO OVERTHROW THE TYRANT RULER -- BUT NOT TO KILL HIM!

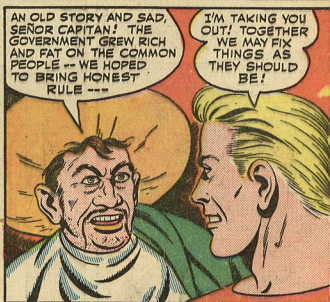
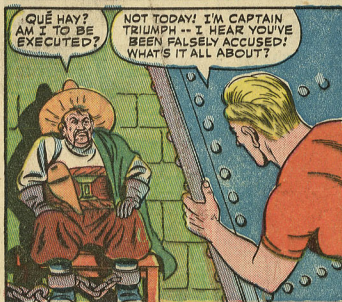


CAPTAIN TRIUMPH IS A PRETTY GOOD JUDGE OF HONESTY! -- AND I BELIEVE YOU HONEST! WHERE'S PANCHO NOW?



HE WON'T BE THERE LONG!

CRACK COMICS

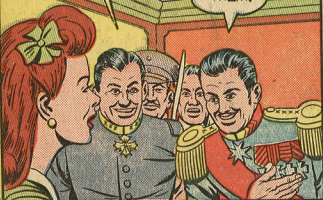


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AT THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENTE-GENERAL...

YOUR EXCELLENCY,
SEÑORITA KIM --
THE GOOD NEIGHBOR
ENVOY!

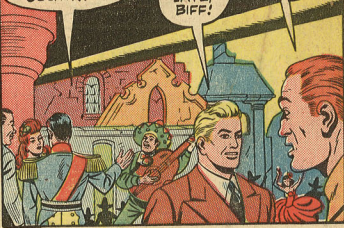
I KISS HER LOVELY
HAND! WE HOPE FOR
MANY MORE SUCH
CHARMING VISITORS!
--IF THE UNITED
STATES CAN BOAST
THEM!



THIS IS A SIMPLE WELCOME
TO YOU, SEÑORITA! LATER, I
WISH TO SPEAK OF
CERTAIN **FINANCIAL**
HELP WE HOPE TO
GET FROM YOUR
COUNTRY---

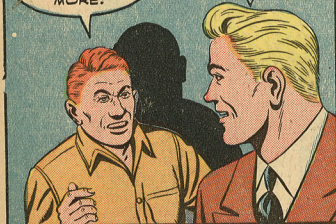
SORRY TO BE
LATE,
BIFF!

I'M AS
POPULAR
AROUND HERE
AS A CASE
OF HAY
FEVER!



LATE OR
EARLY, WE RATE
AS KIM'S BAGGAGE-
MEN -- NO
MORE!

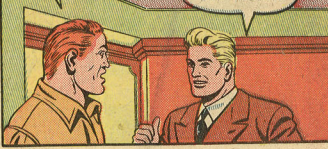
BUT CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH
HAS FOUND
SOMETHING INTERESTING!
LISTEN! ...



AFTER LANCE TELLS OF THE
AFFAIR AT THE PRISON ...

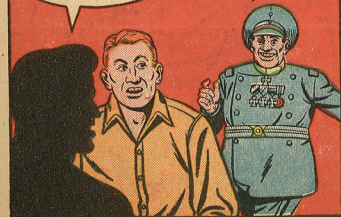
YOU MEAN THIS
PANCHO CHARACTER
REFUSED TO LET
YOU SAVE HIM?
HE'S READY TO
DIE?

IF HE CAN
HELP HIS COUNTRY
BY DYING, **YES!** ...
YOU SEE, DOWN HERE
CAPTAIN **TRIUMPH**
ISN'T A PUBLIC HERO
LIKE AT HOME -- ONLY
A FOREIGN
BUTTINSKY!



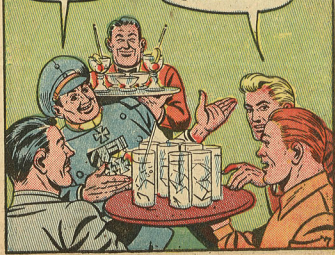
THE PEOPLE HERE
ARE SIMPLE --
EASILY FOOLED! WE
MUST **PROVE CESAR'S**
CRIME FIRST **THEN**
SMASH HIM!

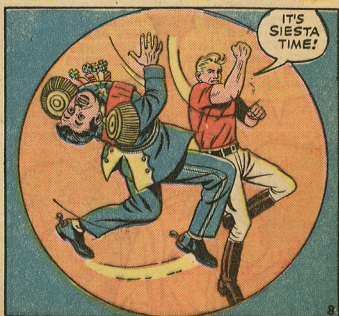
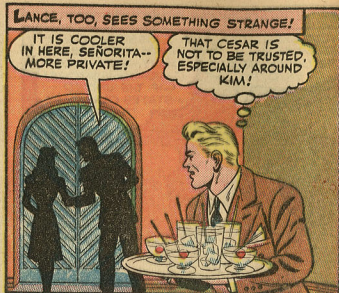
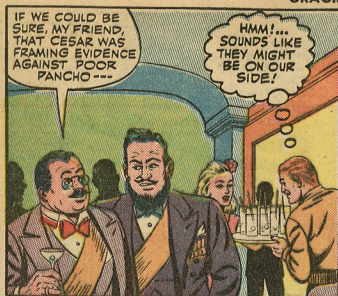
AH, SI! HERE
THEY ARE -- THE
SERVANTS OF
SEÑORITA
KIM!



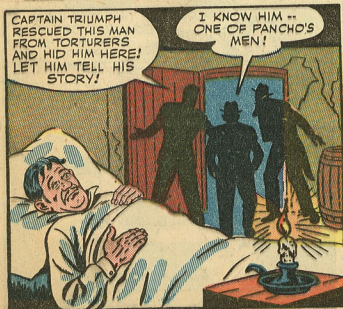
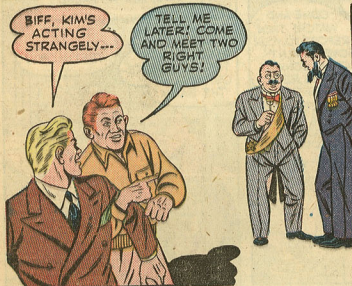
HELP SERVE
REFRESHMENTS!

GO THROUGH WITH IT,
BIFF! AND KEEP YOUR
EARS OPEN FOR ANY
SECRET STUFF!

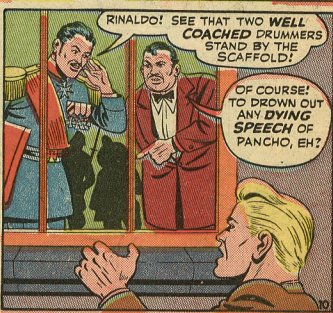
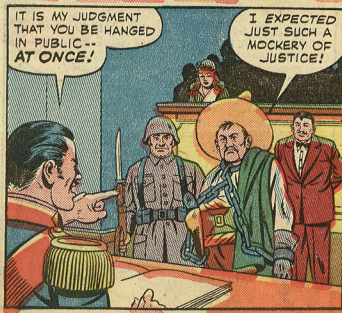
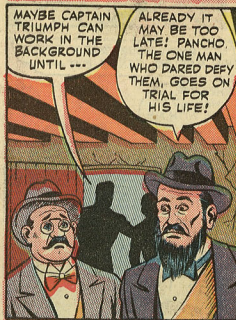
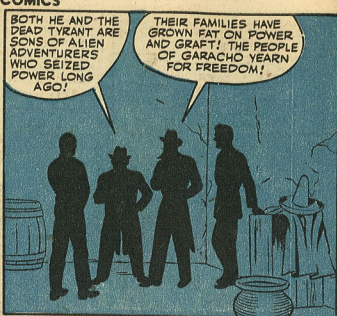




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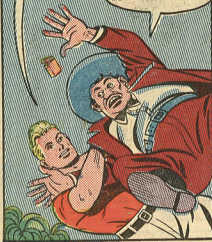
YET AGAIN **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** IS ON THE SCENE!

WITH PANCHO DEAD, HIS FOLLOWERS WILL SCATTER! IT WILL BE LONG BEFORE ANOTHER REBELLION THREATENS!



WELL, RINALDO! HOW ABOUT TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT ASSASSINATION? PANCHO SAYS **YOU DID IT!**

DIABLO! FLYING FIEND! LET ME DOWN!



LET YOU DOWN? OF COURSE, RINALDO!

I'LL BE CRUSHED-- WITH ALL MY SINS! LET ME CONFESS THEM!

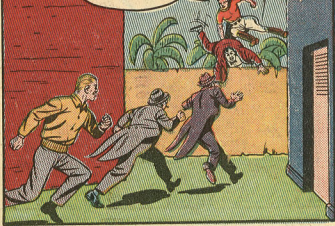


I KILLED THE PRESIDENTE- GENERAL SO THAT CESAR COULD GET POWER! I DARE NOT DIE WITH THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE!

THAT'S OBLIGING OF YOU!--



HERE COME SOME FRIENDS OF MINE TO HEAR YOU REPEAT THAT!



HE'S A LITTLE GROGGY, BUT HE'LL SAY HIS PIECE AT THE PROPER TIME! COME ON, BIFF! -- WE HAVE A LITTLE MASQUERADE TO PLAY!



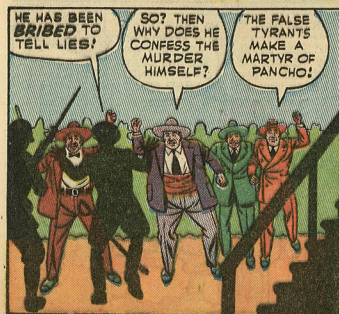
Meanwhile AT THE PRISON...

OUTSIDE, DOG! THE PEOPLE OF GARACHO GATHER TO SEE YOU DIE!

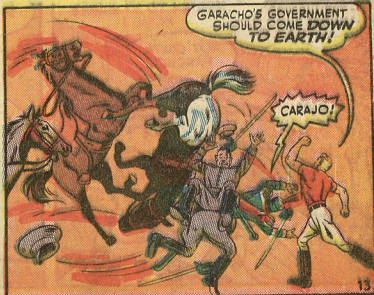
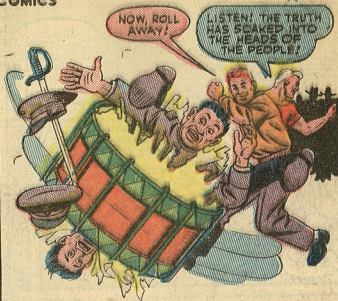
THEN THEY WILL SEE THE DEATH OF A FRIEND! LEAD ON!



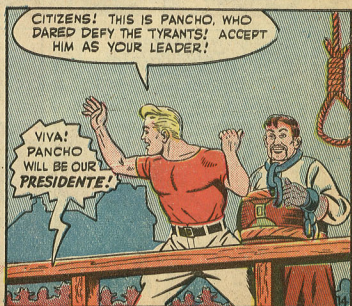
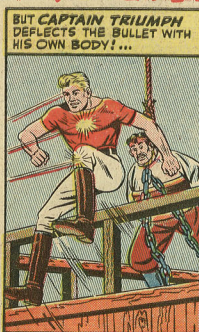
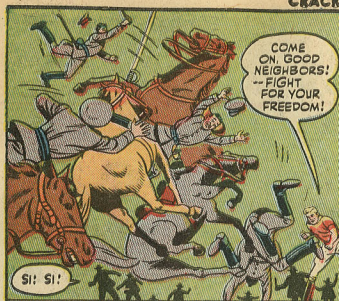
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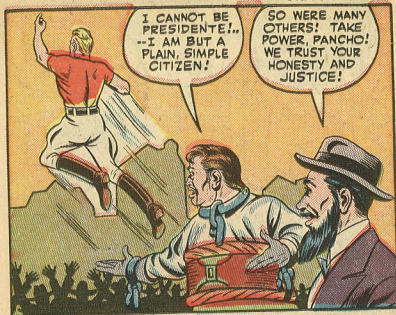
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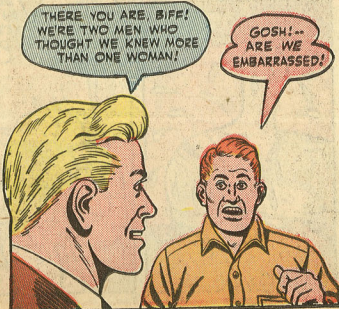
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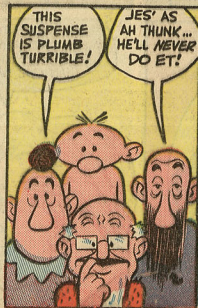
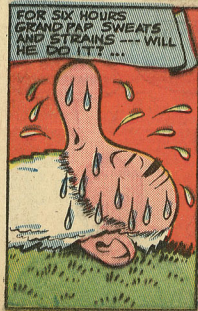
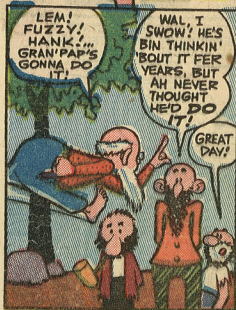
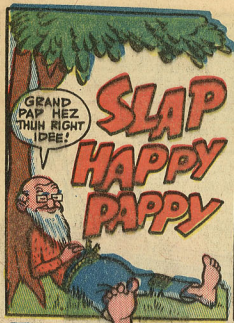
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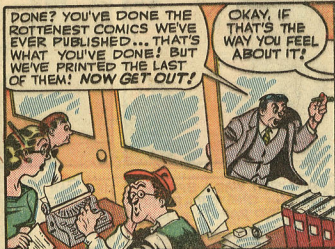


WHILE GARACHO CELEBRATES...



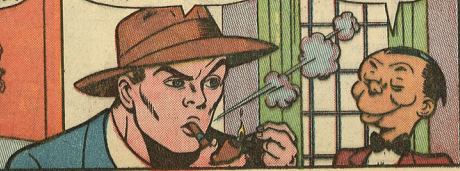
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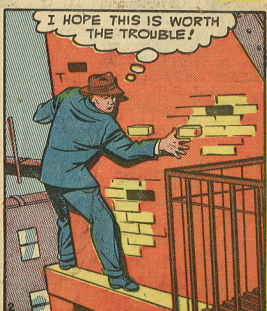
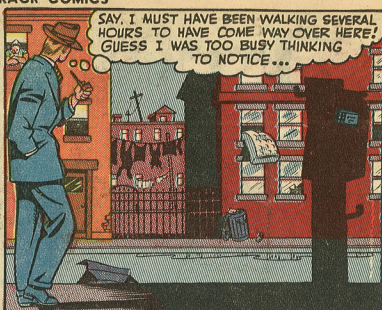


THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU, CHOP! AFTER ALL THE SCOOPS I'VE GIVEN THAT PAPER, TOO!

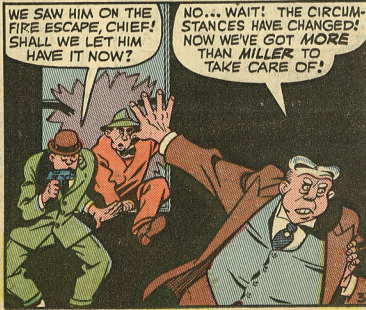
ME STILL THINK YOUR COMIC STIP BEST IN WHOLE WORLD, MISTA MILLER!



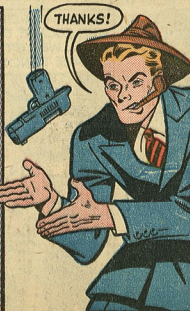
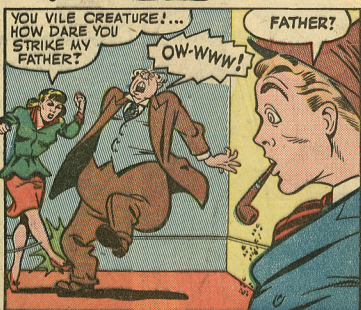
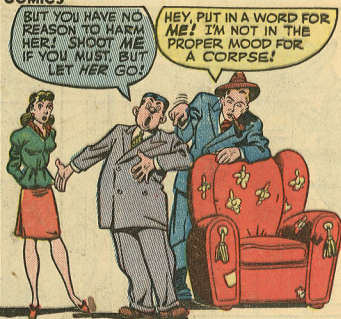
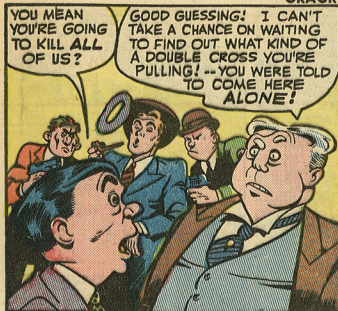
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CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS

A GUY IN A CIRCUS ONCE TAUGHT ME THIS TRICK...AND ALL I DID WAS DRAW HIS PICTURE IN RETURN...



NOW SUPPOSE WE ALL HAVE A NICE, QUIET CHAT! AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU, MY ESTEEMED EX-EMPLOYER, HAVE A DAUGHTER AND THAT THIS CHARMING YOUNG LADY IS SHE?

THAT'S RIGHT, PEN! I'M SORRY FOR THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT... YOU SEE ROUHY HAD ME IN A SPOT ... HE KIDNAPPED ANNE AS SOON AS SHE ARRIVED FROM SCHOOL!



I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH COURAGE TO BUCK HIM WHEN HE SAID HE'D KILL HER UNLESS I FIRED YOU AND STOPPED YOUR STRIP! I HAD TO DO IT, PEN: SHE'S ALL I HAVE!

WELL, IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU CAN BE SENTIMENTAL ABOUT **SOME-BODY!** BUT DON'T FEEL TOO BADLY!... THIS HAS DEVELOPED BEAUTIFULLY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DON'T YOU SEE? IT GIVES ME THE PERFECT ENDING FOR THE STRIP ABOUT CLEM ROUHY AND, INCIDENTALLY, FOR ROUHY HIMSELF! UP TO NOW I COULD ONLY **HINT** AT HIS CRIMES... NOW WE HAVE HIM COLD ON A KIDNAPPING RAP...AND THAT MEANS AT LEAST **LIFE IMPRISONMENT!**



WE'LL FIND A COP OUTSIDE! TALLY HO!

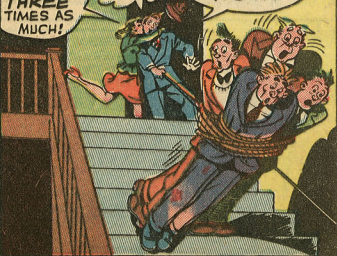
PEN, IF YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THIS MORNING... WE CAN EXTEND YOUR CONTRACT AS LONG AS YOU LIKE... AND DOUBLE YOUR ROYALTIES!



DOUBLE??... WHY, DAD, HE'S WORTH **THREE** TIMES AS MUCH!

SMACK!

ALL THIS ... AND MONEY, TOO!... **WOW!**

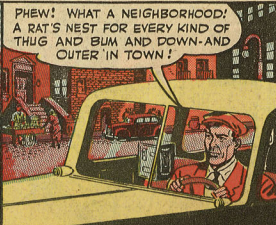


HACK O'HARA



RECIPE FOR EXCITEMENT: MIX HACK O'HARA, NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST CABBIE, WITH THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST DISTRICT! ADD ONE KILL-CRAZY GUNMAN -- PAPA ANZONETTI, WHO WANTED TO KISS HACK -- ONE CROSS-EYED PRINTER -- ONE SLIVER OF TIN WORTH \$25,000!!! ... THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH **HACK O'HARA** UNRAVEL THE BLOODY "RIDDLE OF THE LUCKY LICENSE"!!!

HACK
TAKES
A SHORT-
CUT
THROUGH
NEW YORK'S
LOWER
EAST
SIDE...



PHEW! WHAT A NEIGHBORHOOD!
A RAT'S NEST FOR EVERY KIND OF
THUG AND BUM AND DOWN-AND-
OUTER 'IN TOWN!

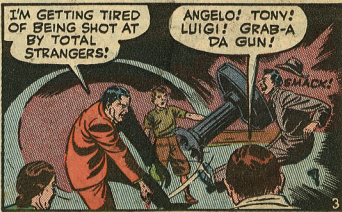
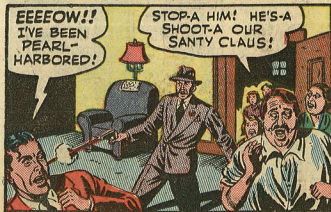
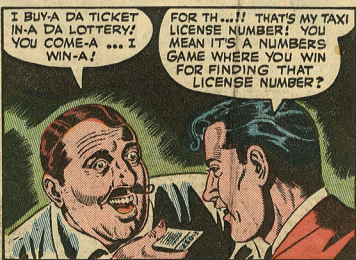
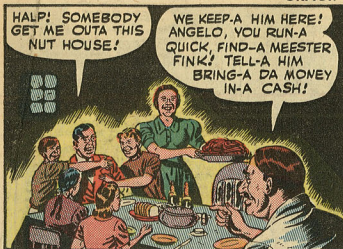
TAKE THAT LUG, FOR
INSTANCE! IF HE
ISN'T A SMALL-TIME
GUNMAN, I'LL EAT
MY SHIRT!



CRACK COMICS



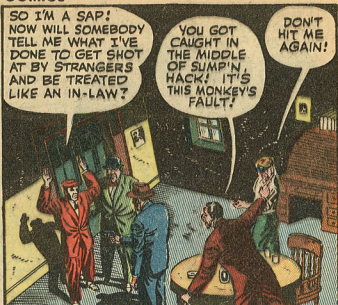
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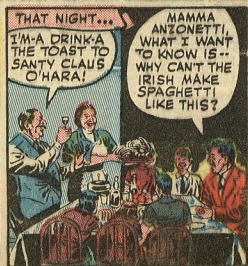
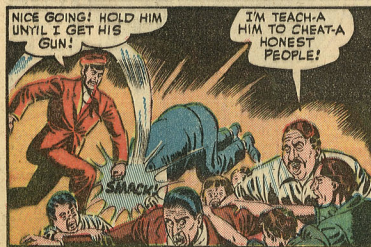
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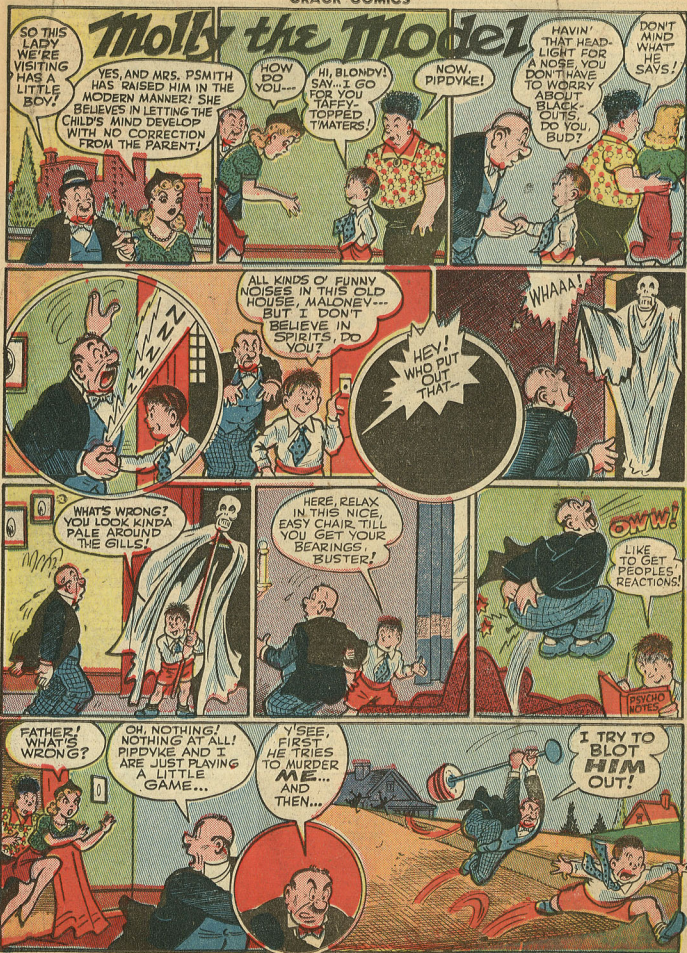


CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS





I HEARD THERE WERE SOME SWELL PICTURES ON SALE HERE VERY CHEAP!

Molly the

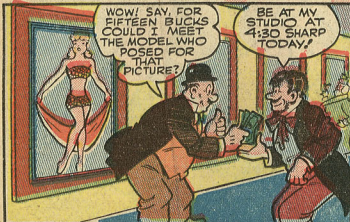


Model

SO YOU PAINTED THAT?

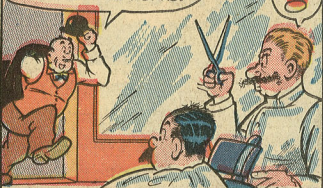


WOW! SAY, FOR FIFTEEN BUCKS COULD I MEET THE MODEL WHO POSED FOR THAT PICTURE?



BE AT MY STUDIO AT 4:30 SHARP TODAY!

QUICK! SHAVE, SINGE, HAIRCUT, SHAMPOO, SHINE, MANICURE -- THE WORKS!



?

A PERFECT FIT, SIR!

IT BETTER BE, BECAUSE--



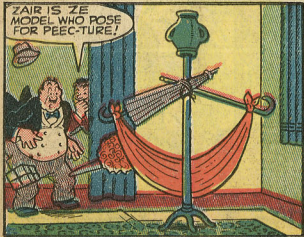
--I'M ABOUT TO MEET THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MODEL THAT EVER LIVED ... EVEN IF IT DID COST ME MY LAST BUCK!



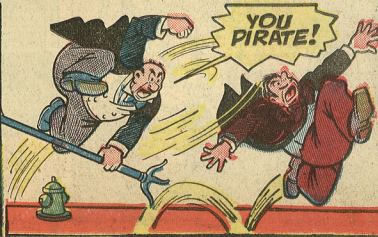
WHERE... WHERE IS SHE?

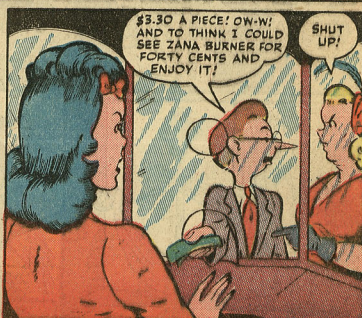
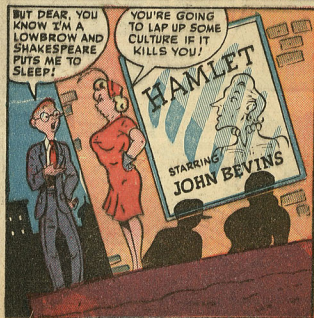
INSIDE, SAIR, PLEASE TO STEP!

ZAIR IS ZE MODEL WHO POSE FOR PEEC-TURE!

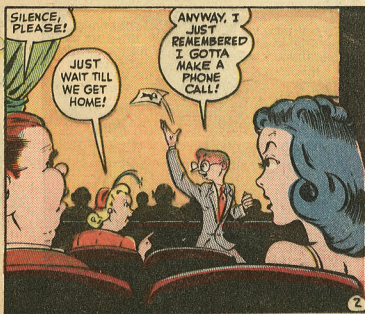
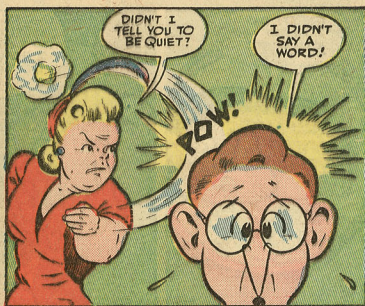
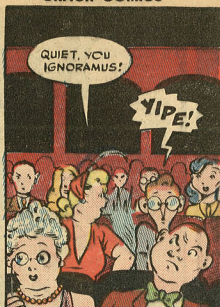


YOU PIRATE!

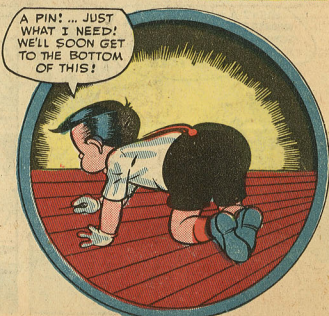
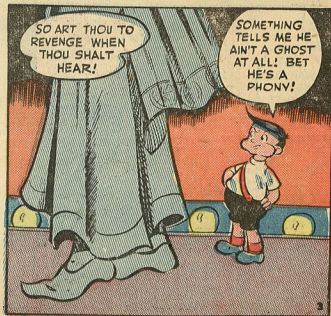
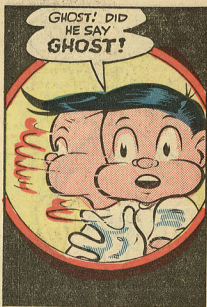
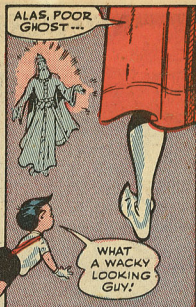
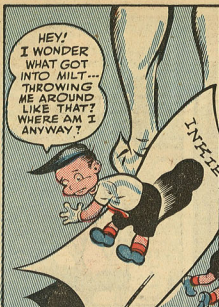
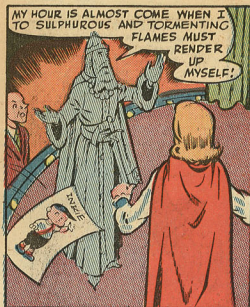




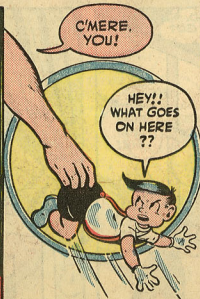
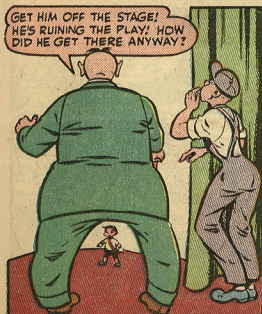
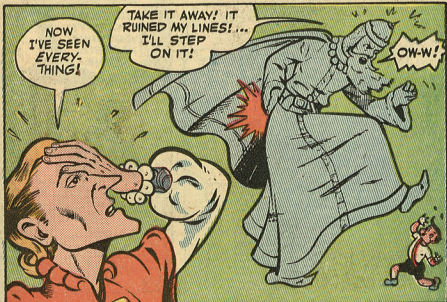
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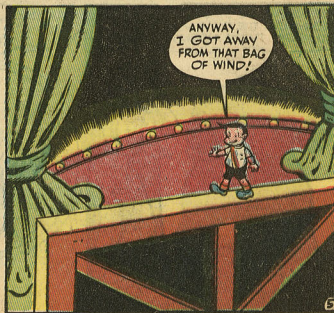
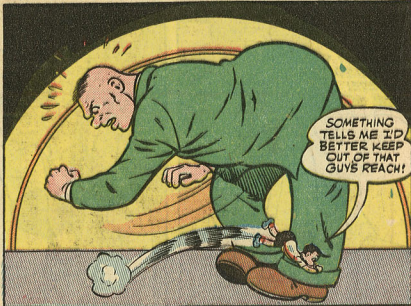
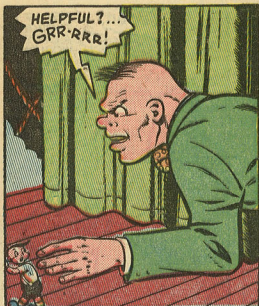


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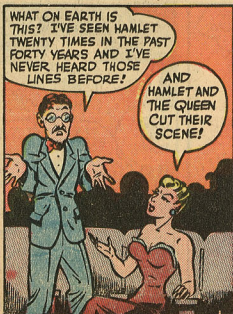
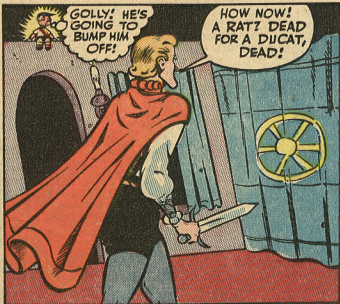
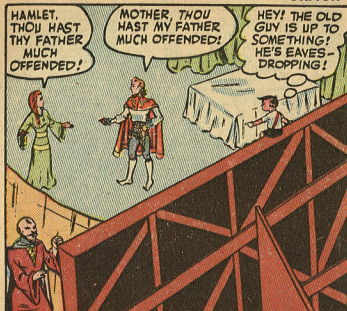


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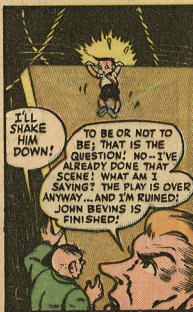
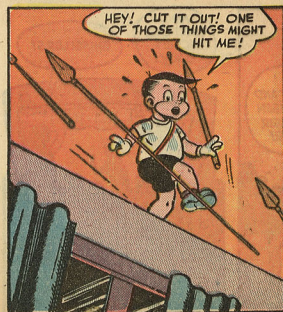
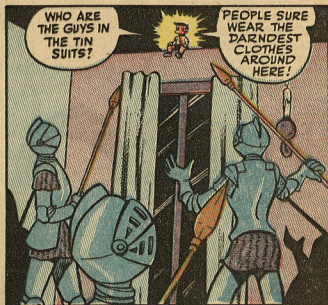
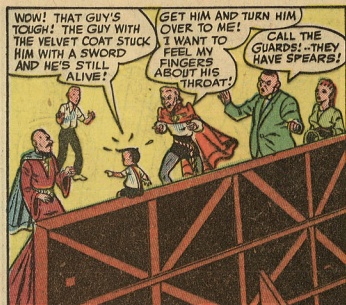




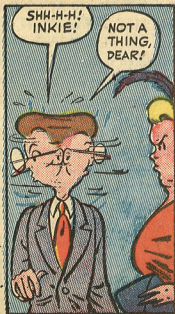
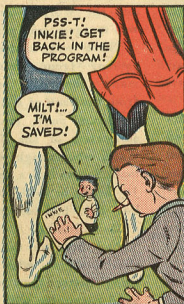
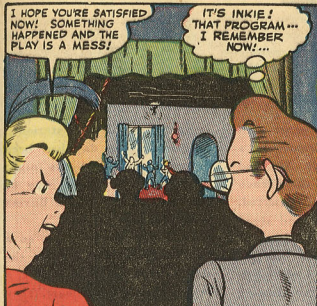
CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



The WHIRLING DERVISH

YOU are not required to travel far along the Burma Road before running into strange things. And many strange people. A lot of the little yellow imps are stationed along The Road these days, but the Allies are making short work of them.

Burma is famous for many reasons. Kipling made its Mandalay a shrine in English poetry. But it is famous too for its teak, its mahogany, its elephants who are noted for their great strength, its Burmese warriors.

Eric Vale found Burma extremely interesting. Attached to an American force, he was a member of the Intelligence. Eric didn't like to think of Burma in the hands of the Japs. He didn't like to think of French Indo-China in their hands, either; or Thailand.

Eric had been stationed in many fighting sectors, from the South Pacific to Africa to Sicily to China, and now here in Burma. He liked Burma the best. He liked it for its dark history, its dark secrets, its darker intrigue. He anticipated many thrilling adventures in this thrilling land. There were many thrilling characters in the place.

Take old Gudj the Parsee for instance. He had been a renegade fighting against the British for many years, but when the Japs came he threw in on the right side, and many are the traps he laid for the hated yellow bellies.

There was Major Oxley-

Bennet, the British army man who had had experience in a dozen foreign lands. He had been a member of the French Foreign Legion and deserted, only to be captured and stood before a firing squad. Someone in the Foreign Office had got him off. He had seen service in the Boer War, in the Russian campaign, in the Boxer trouble and the World War. Now he was in again, and going strong.

There was Santee, the ex-cowboy from Arizona, who made a hobby of roping Japs from the back of a tiny Afghan mountain pony, much to the edification of the native populace, who thought him a wild man. Santee had a collection of Jap heads, or so the story went; but Eric had never seen the grisly collection.

And there was the huge Russian Georgian who loved nothing better than a hand-to-hand encounter with any number of Japs. The latter cried out in terror at sight of this monstrous fighting man who disdained their bullets, and who miraculously came through every engagement without a nick.

Yes, Burma was full of extraordinary things. And perhaps strangest of all was the Whirling Dervish. . . .

Things were quiet on the evening of the 16th. That day three thousand Americans had dropped in via parachute and there had been quite a get-together; many of the newcomers had friends and relatives

among those already stationed in Burma. The day had been blistering hot, and the night promised little in the way of cool breezes, for which Burma is notoriously lacking.

Eric was stretched out on a low camp cot just outside the tent he occupied with Midley, a young Signal Corps officer. They had been watching the antics of the Whirling Dervish, who had been spinning in graceful whirl and gyrations before the newcomers for a half hour prior to sunset. This dervish, it must be explained, was something of an enigma. He had attached himself to the company soon after its occupation in that sector, but the reason for his doing so was impossible to discover. The aged man was tongueless, and it was thought also deaf. He lived by obtaining arms from the soldiers.

Eric used to ponder the strange, lonely life of this weird Indian, who could neither talk nor hear. Did he find happiness in merely expressing his love for his strange god through his uncanny convulsions? Did he have friends or relatives anywhere? How old was he? From whence did he come?

The old dervish put on a great show that afternoon for the new arrivals, and during it an American sentry shot a Jap sniper out of a tree a few hundred yards away from the camp. He reported that a second one got away.

No one thought anything about it until later that night.

CRACK COMICS

The three thousand new soldiers had been stationed in a secret valley about five miles away from Eric's camp, in a spot where it was thought that no Japs could approach. About midnight, however, three Jap bombers roared over the valley and dropped their lethal loads smack in the middle of the camp. The damage was luckily slight, only because the soldiers' temporary barracks had been thrown up around the sides of the valley and not in its centre. But how the Japs had caught on so quickly was a subject of much speculation.

Next day the camp was moved fifteen miles into deeper jungle areas. Eric's own force was ordered to move two days later, to a place nine miles farther north, in very rugged country. Here was stationed a small air force, which did scouting and light bombing duties.

No one was aware of it, but the Whirling Dervish appeared that evening as usual and gave one of his impromptu demonstrations of fine balance. What I mean is, no one was aware of the dervish's following the troops. He always kept out of sight and then suddenly appeared at about sundown for his demonstration. Afterward, he would go slinking among the men with a withered arm outstretched and a skinny cupped palm. Those good guys always dumped a few coppers into the leprous receptacle, and the old man would shuffle off, to sleep heaven knows where in the jungle.

What he ate, or where, nobody knew, because he never asked for food. But everyone thought he visited among the Burmese natives during the day. He was never seen about camp during daylight hours.

The night after Eric's company moved north, there was a brush with Jap bombers, and

five Allied planes were strafed beyond repair on the ground. Several men were killed. Again everyone was mystified as to how the Japs had learned so quickly of the presence of the soldiers in the jungle.

Eric had learned, through regular Intelligence channels, that a large force of Japanese were moving toward the general region from the west, and the entire official personnel was in readiness to land one on them. This force, covered by two dozen bombers, set out one morning early, to intercept the enemy.

What was their amazement, however, when they found the pass on which the Japs were supposed to be moving eastward, entirely bare of Japs!

"They must've got wind of our plans somehow," said the C.O. "But I wonder how?"

"Sly devils," said Major Oxley-Bennet. "The longer you know 'em the slyer they seem, too."

Eric Vale was not exactly of that opinion. He had been in contact with Japs for almost two years and had never found them endowed with superhuman powers.

"They're getting information," he told the C.O. "They're getting it from inside, somehow. Japs don't just do these things. I've been watching for the last few days and I'll say that those devils are receiving excellent directions."

That evening again the dervish appeared out of the jungle mists to whirl and spiral along the recently cleared compound. He always took the craziest chances. There were Jap snipers about; any tree might contain one. But if they saw the dervish they never took a shot at him. Of course, the old priest was perfectly harmless.

When the whirls and contortions were finished, the ancient dervish began his rounds of the

tents for his nightly offering. Eric was cleaning an automatic pistol when the old man came up to him. Eric dropped a couple of rupees in the brown wrinkled palm. The dervish trudged away and accidentally Eric fired the pistol into the earth at his feet. With a mighty lunge the dervish leaped five feet off the ground, whirling with the agility of a cat.

Eric laughed, said, "Sorry, W.D. An accident." The old dervish shuffled off, shaking his bald head.

Eric had learned something; the dervish could hear. That shot had frightened him. And suddenly Eric began to suspect the aged priest.

A big drive was in the planning stages. The American and British forces were going to make a push against a concentration about fifteen miles to the south. The matter had been kept mighty hush-hush. Then came the big day. The several companies got under way, an hour before dawn. But they didn't go as planned. Eric had, with considerable argument, got the C.O. convinced that they might be running into an ambush. So they marched five miles south, then swung to the west. Then they sent the air force on to the south and began bombing the Jap camp.

It was a mighty good thing that they did. Because the bombs, raining down brought the hundreds of hidden Japs out of cover, revealing that they had lain in wait for the marching Allies. It would have been a slaughter had their plan carried.

Who had tipped them off?

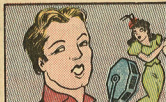
Eric remembered. The dervish had performed a particularly exacting demonstration of whirls the night before. He had told the Japs, by some "whirling" signals, just where the forces would be, and when.



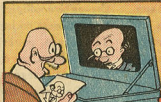
TWISTED TALES



A RADIO RUNT NAMED ADOLPHUS MCZANE WAS AFRAID TELEVISION WOULD RUIN HIS GAME.



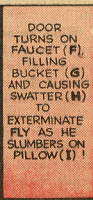
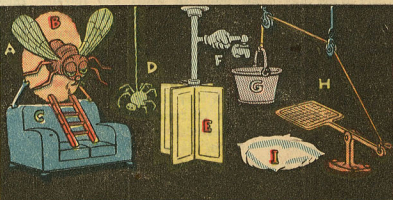
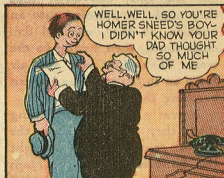
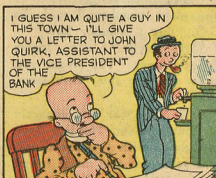
WHILE A FINE-LOOKING CROONER, NAMED MEGAPHONE SLATER, WAS SURE TELEVISION WOULD MAKE HIM MUCH GREATER.



BUT THE TELEVIEWED SCREEN HELPED THE COURTS RECOGNIZE RUNT MCZANE AS THE HEIR TO A FORTUNE OF SIZE.

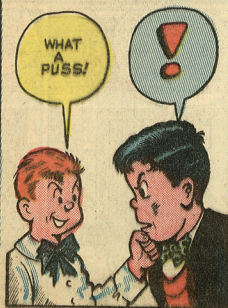
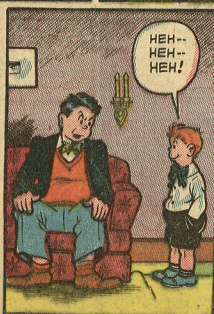
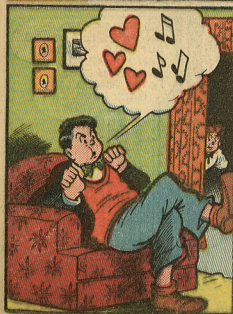
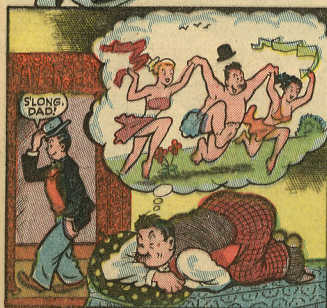


WHILE, WITH SLATER, THE OUTCOME WAS NOT VERY FUNNY - HE WAS SPOTTED BY DOZENS TO WHOM HE OWED MONEY!

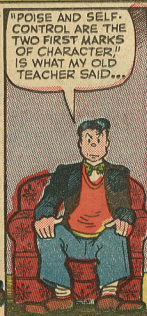
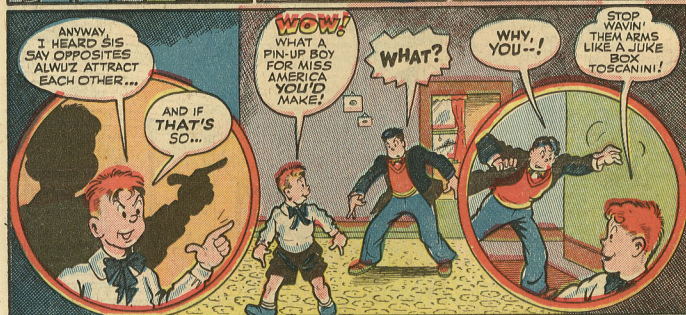
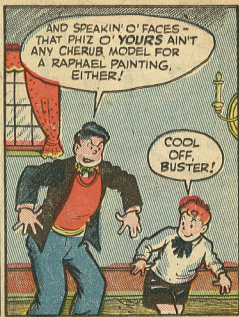
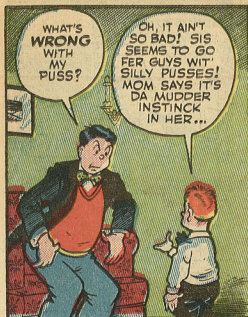


BEEZY

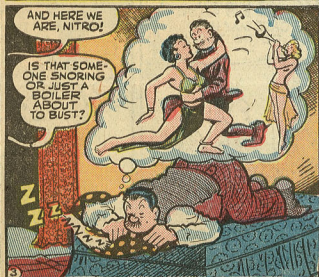
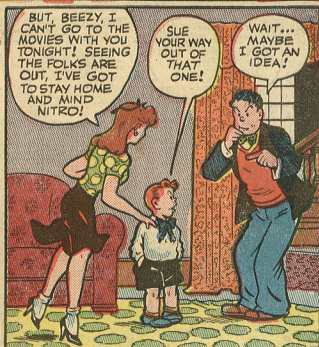
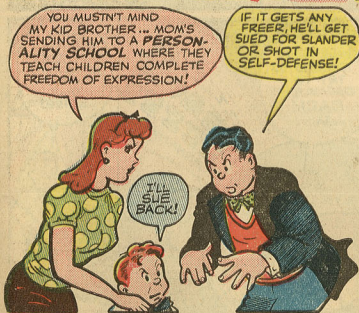
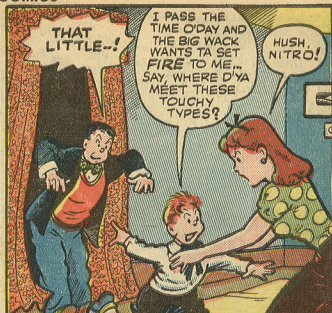
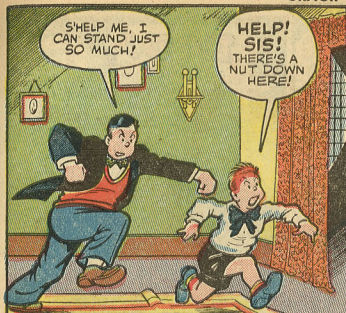
THE IMMORTAL LOVES IN THE LIFE OF BEEZY BUMBLE SEEM TO BE LADIES OF VARIED TYPES AND CONNECTIONS... THIS WEEK'S HEART THROB, HOWEVER, HAPPENS TO HAVE A KID BROTHER, OF WHOM, UP TO NOW, BEEZY HAS BEEN IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.....

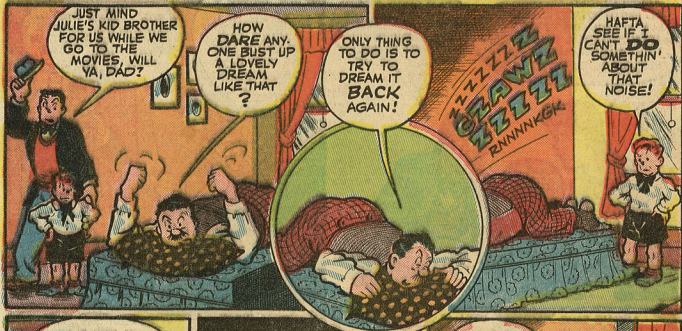
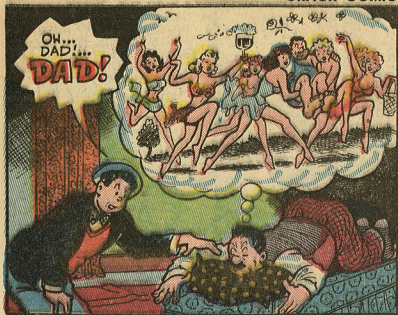


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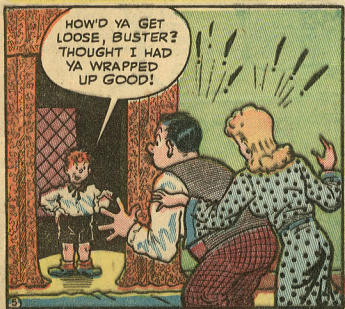
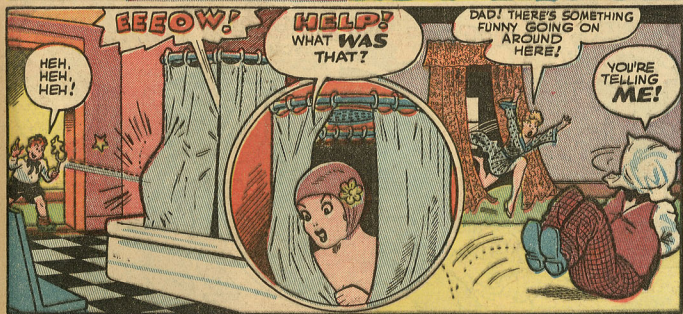
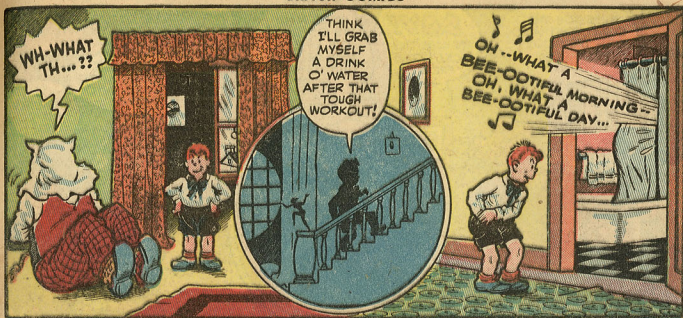


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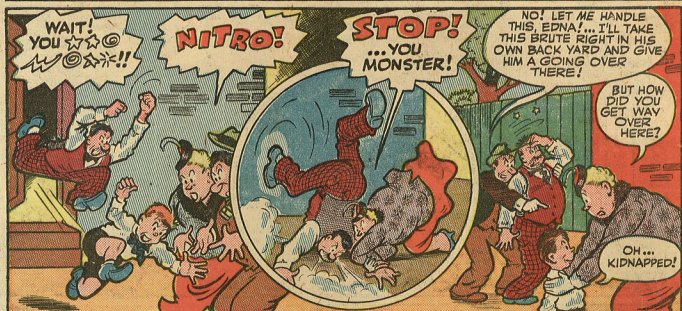




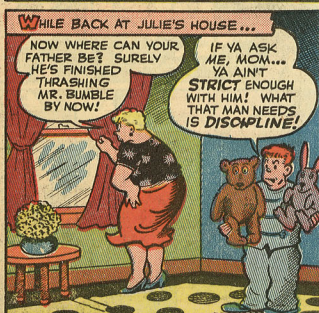
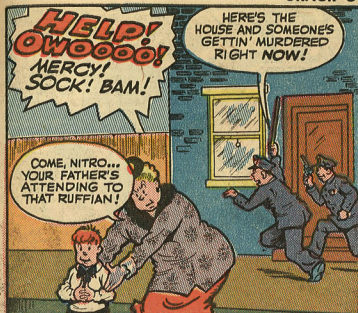
CRACK COMICS



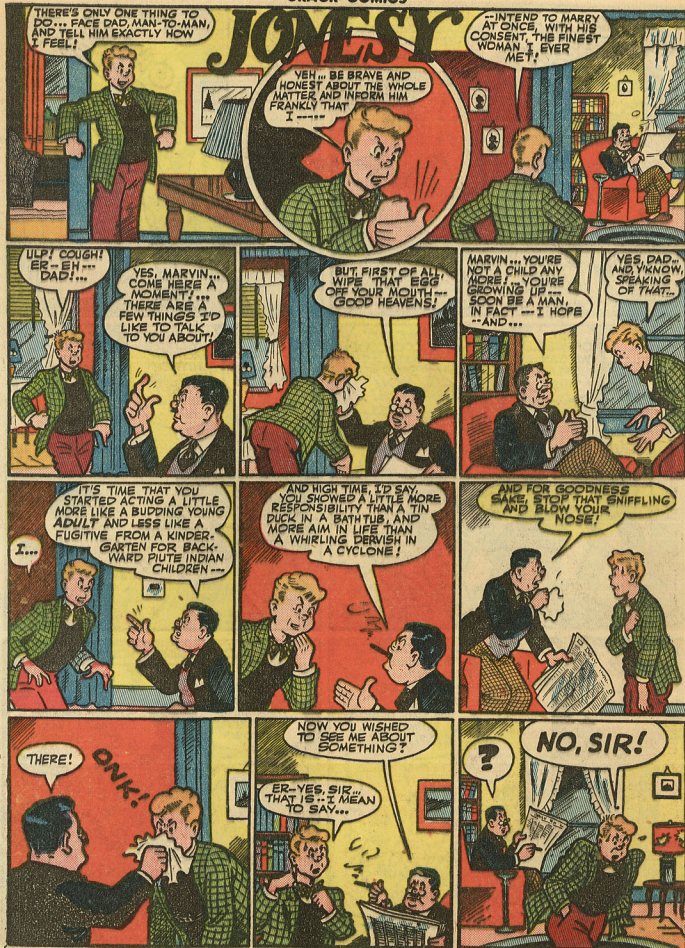
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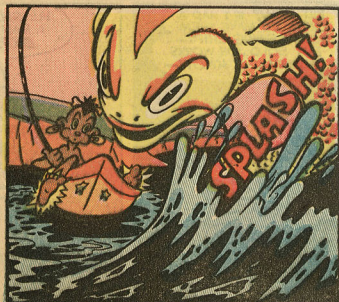
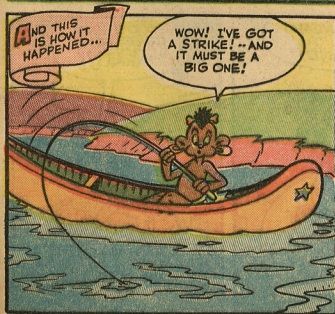
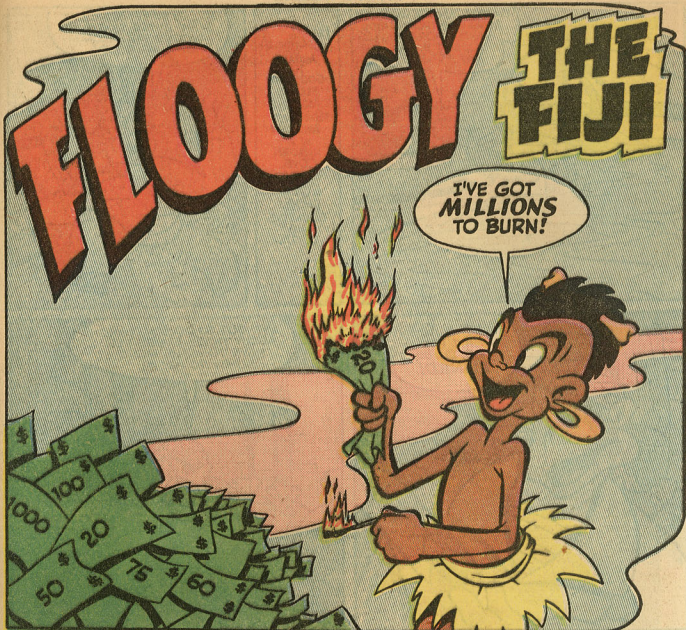


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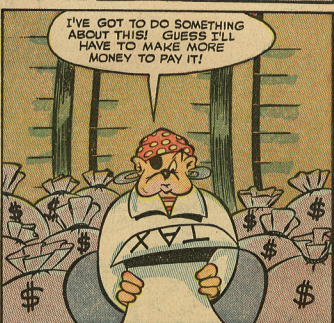
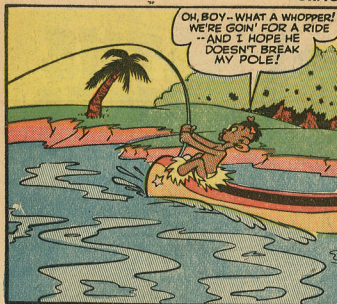


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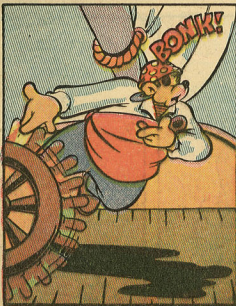
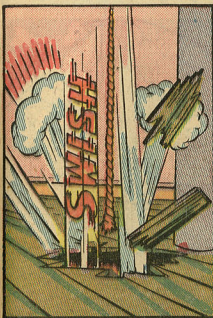
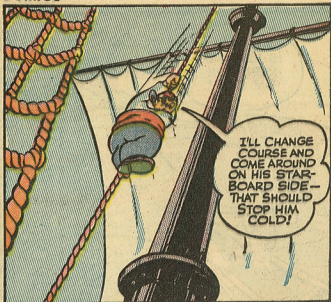
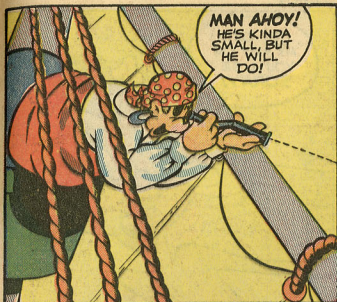




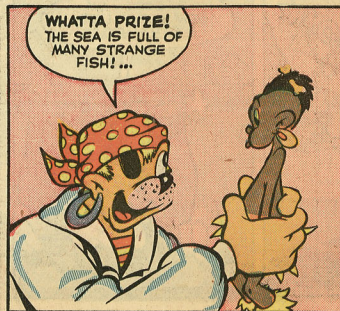
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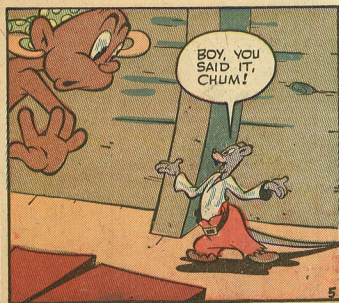
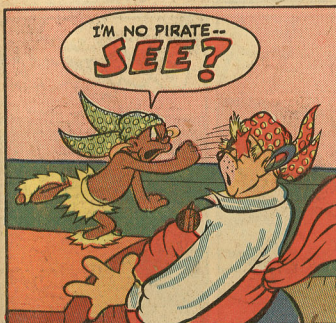
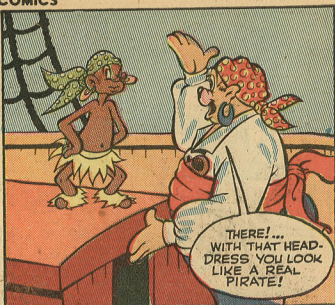
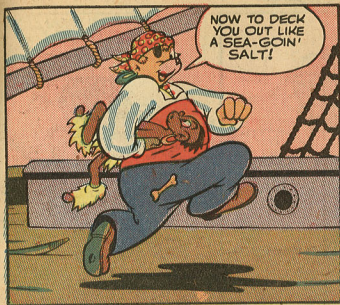
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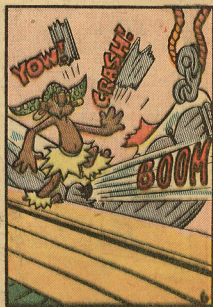
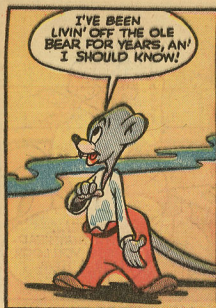
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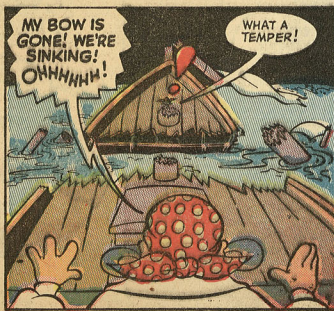
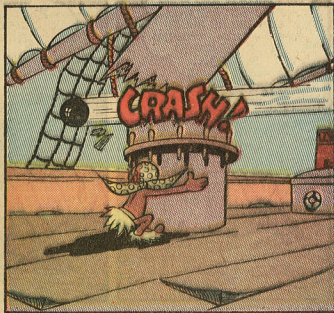
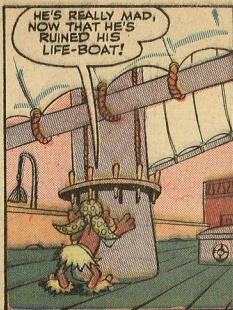
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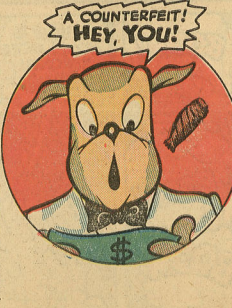
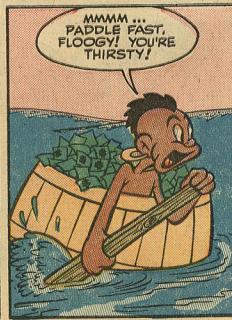
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CRACK COMICS

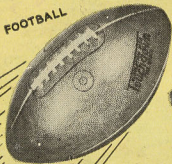


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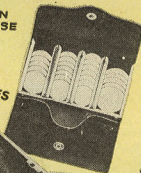


MONEY *and* PRIZES

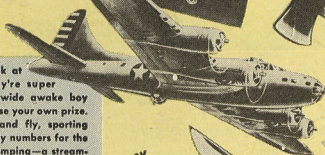
FOOTBALL



COIN CASE



MODEL PLANES



FOR BOYS ONLY

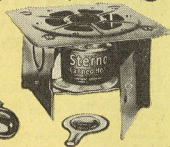
FLASHLIGHT FOR WRIST



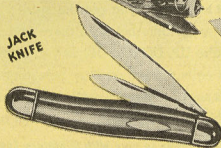
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STERNO STOVE



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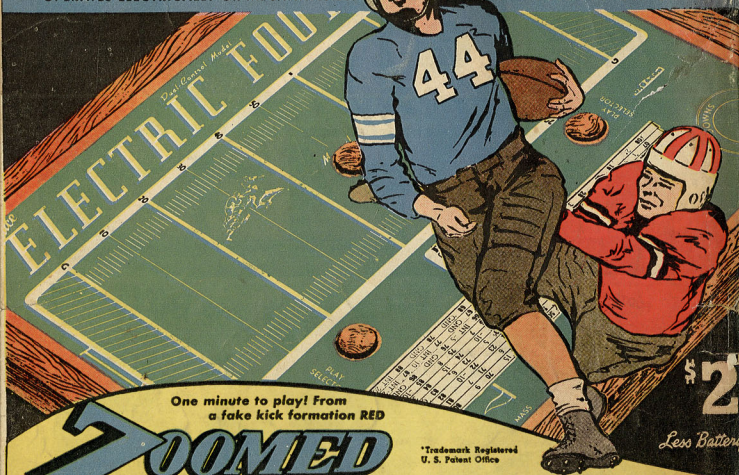
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